

## Peninsula Enterprise.

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Rates by the Week or Month given on Application.

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all of which they are prepared to supply  
those wishing a first-class fertilizer.  
They have established a depository at  
Custis' Wharf, Powhatan, where farm-  
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Prices until further notice, as follows

Dry.....\$25.00  
Two-thirds dry 20 00  
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For further particulars, call on or ad-  
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**Sewing Machine**

STANDS AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS

In Quality and Simplicity.

It has no Rival. Others blow and try  
to put it down, but it stands bold at the front.

It STANDS BOLD AT THE FRONT.

Having sold over 400 in 1881, 1882 and  
1883, shows that the

People of Accomac Appreciate Its Merits.

I can sell you other machines for less  
price. Singer pattern, drop leaf and two  
drawers, for \$25.00; Wilson, Domestic,  
Howe and any other pattern. Will sell  
the Royal St. John, drop leaf and six (6)  
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these inferior machines, as to the price.  
Having sold machines for nearly  
fourteen years, gives me a chance to  
know something of the tricks which  
others practice on those who are not  
posted in machinery. If

**THE WHITE**

**You Want a Good Sewing Machine**

come and see me, or write to me, and I  
will sell you ANY MACHINE  
that can be bought,  
but none so good as

**THE WHITE.**

Also, a large stock of FURNITURE,  
MATTRESSES, &c., on hand. Repairing  
of Furniture, Pictures Framed, or  
anything else in our line promptly at-  
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TRIMMINGS for sale.

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and unimproved of 60, 163, 225, 340 and  
600 acres eligibly located on the line of  
the N. Y., P. & N. R. R., NOW for sale  
cheap.

Also, four sea-side farms with oysters,  
fish and wild fowl privileges unsur-  
passed on any terms.

And town lots for business men at the  
new stations on the railroad constantly  
on hand at reasonable rates. Send for  
circular.

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**E. A. BROWN & Co.,**

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

—Wholesale Dealers in—

Fruits, Berries, Sweet Potatoes, &c.

Sweet potatoes a specialty.

183 READE STREET,

New York.

Reference—Irrving National Bank

—ESTABLISHED 1857—

**Silverthorn & Co.,**

—Wholesale—

Produce

Commission Merchants,

303 S. Front and

302 S. Water Sts.

Philadelphia.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

C. H. Register,

WITH

**George W. Judd,**

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COMMISSION MERCHANT.

In Fruits and Produce of all kinds,  
Poultry, Game, &c.

Sweet Potatoes a specialty.

145 WEST STREET,

Near Washington Market, New York.

Any information in reference to market  
cheerfully given when asked for.

Reference: North River Bank

**G. T. BUNTING.**

—PRODUCE—

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18 Vesey Pier,

NEW YORK.

Shipping No. 164

**FARMERS**

Should look to their interest and  
ship to experienced and  
reliable salesmen.

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100 PARK PLACE,

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Stencils can be had of Lee  
James, Locustville, or at ENTER-  
PRISE OFFICE.

Dani. Martin. Josh. B. Gifford.

ESTABLISHED 1863.

**D. MARTIN & CO.,**

Produce and Fruits.

Irish and sweet potatoes specialties.

27, 29 AND 31 PROSPECT ST.,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

All goods sold on their merits  
and prompt returns made.

Shipments can be sent via East-  
ern Shore Steamboat Co., and Bal-  
timore, and New York, Philadel-  
phia and Norfolk R. R. via Phila.

**BROWER BROS.,**

PRODUCE

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No. 245 WASHINGTON STREET,  
NEW YORK.

Refer by Permission—Jno. L. Jewett,  
Esq., Pres. Irving National Bank,  
New York; Ambler, Marvin & Stock-  
ton, Bankers, Jacksonville, Fla.;  
The National Bank of Illinois, Chi-  
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Stencils furnished on application.

—ESTABLISHED 1865—

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**BODINE & HUTCHEON,**

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In Fruits, Berries, Pork, Poultry,  
Game, Butter, Eggs, Beans,  
Live Stock, &c.

23, 38 & 32 MERCHANTS' ROW,  
West Washington Market,  
New York.

Shipping Letters B H

R. G. Lyle J. D. Smith

**LYLE & SMITH,**

Commission Dealers in

**Fruit and Country**

Produce,

179 READE STREET,  
New York,

Shipping No. 33

## LEARN THOU OF THE EAGLE.

Learn thou of the eagle  
Lest thou become a friend,  
When the elements, mad  
With wild, unceasing, bleed;  
Let thy spirit arise  
Above the storm's rage,  
And triumphantly rest  
In the regions of hope.

There, from his calm dwelling,  
Gaze down on the clouds  
That cover the mountains  
Like dark, sombre clouds;  
In the radiant sunshine  
With grateful hearts  
Where no lightning scathe,  
No stormy tempest  
Unfurled remains.

Never touched by the tempest,  
The land and the rain;  
Thy heart shall hold converse  
With all thy thoughts,  
And abide in that peace  
Which true purity brings.

## ON A HILL-TOP.

One afternoon, in Central Park,  
when the late spring was making  
strenuous efforts to assist herself by  
means of a shivering fringe of green  
lung upon naked boughs, and by a  
tinge of red, like a blush for her  
tardiness, over the bushes of Pyrus  
japonica, the main drive offered the  
usual spectacle of pleasure-seekers  
on wheels, rolling at a discreet rate  
of speed between Fifty-ninth street  
and One-hundred-and-tenth street,  
and back again, while keeping care-  
fully in view each other's equip-  
ages, horses, grooms, and gowns.

Passing in review the rapid suc-  
cession of coaches, landaus, victor-  
ias, broughams, wagnettes, T cars,  
tilburys and village-carts, sprinkled  
with less pretending buggies and  
hansom-cabs, a young man on horse-  
back kept his spirited steed in  
check, curvetting back and forth at  
the entrance of one of the equestrian  
roads crossing the principal  
drive, until a trig policeman began  
to cast upon him side glances of a  
decidedly investigating character.

Evidently the young man's search  
was vain, for a look of annoyance  
came upon his open face, and giving  
his horse an unreasonable cut at the  
riding-stick, he at last consented  
to gallop away from the spot he  
had so long haunted. At that ex-  
act moment another rider canter-  
ing lightly along the bridal path,  
emerged from the trees ahead,  
bringing face to face with him a  
pretty girl with golden hair, and a  
bunch of narcissus in the breast of  
her well-cut habit.

"You told me you were to drive  
with your mamma," abruptly ex-  
claimed the young man, to which  
the lovely maiden replied, blushing  
slightly and tossing her head,  
that she could not know she was  
obliged to render an exact account  
of her doings to every person with  
whom she might chance to dance  
at Mrs. Gardiner's ball. The groom  
coming up at this juncture diverted  
conversation from an apparently  
threatening channel. In the most  
natural manner our young gentle-  
man's horse was turned, and the  
couple were making their way thro'  
the dreary suburb on the west side  
of the park, to emerge upon the  
beautiful Riverside drive. Here a  
wide and admirably made road  
runs parallel with the Hudson,  
whose tranquil bosom, skimmed by  
white-winged sail boats or scarred  
by bustling steamers along the  
channel, reflects on the farther  
side, the wood-crowned summits of  
the Palisades and the colors of the  
sky.

"To enjoy the Riverside" the  
young man said, "one should re-  
semble the true love of the early  
English poet, who looks not back,  
his eyes are fast afore." Let me re-  
commend you to impose a forfeit  
on yourself for turning your head  
one moment from the left as we fol-  
low up the avenue. In this way  
you may be able to preserve the il-  
lusion that you are out of town."

"It's all of a piece with every-  
thing here," the girl answered, with  
a discontented glance at the land-  
scape on her right. There, amid a  
careless combination of squalor and  
ambitious architecture, she chanced  
to see the grassy slope in front of a  
squalid shanty, where in a wilder-  
ness of rubbish and tomatoes, two  
sportive goats were assuming  
the attitude of the supporters of the  
British coat of arms. Beyond  
an open expanse of rocky hillside,  
streets and boulevards in various  
stages of construction were to be  
seen. To Miss Caroline Heath,  
aged twenty-one, recently returned  
from a six years' residence in Eu-  
rope, the incompleteness of Ameri-  
can affairs in general was a source  
of continual comment. Edgar Bar-  
clay, on the contrary, the son of a  
Western man, who after making a  
fortune in Cleveland had moved to  
New York to spend it, was a warm  
defender of our peculiar institu-  
tions, and coming from other lips  
than those of the present critic,  
would have resented unflattering  
comments upon them with empha-  
sis.

They had now turned into a  
broad boulevard, and followed it to  
an end, indicated by the presence  
of workmen with their impedimenta  
making a barrier across the street.  
"Let us go on," Carry urged.  
"Yonder, on that hilltop, I see a  
genuine old house that must have  
been there since the Revolution at  
least. I am determined to ride up  
and have a peep at it."

Apparently uninhabited by a  
pale ring of smoke from the kitchen  
chimney, the old house stood in  
melancholy isolation upon a bluff  
overlooking the river. The avenue  
there in process of construction had  
ruthlessly shaved off the near side  
of the hill, leaving exposed a steep  
and gravelly incline crowned with

the straggling grasses of an ancient  
lawn. Around the white columns  
of the portico grew walnut and  
chestnut trees, and in the garden  
at the rear was seen a ruined sum-  
mer-house and several broken stat-  
ues arising amid an unpruned  
growth of box. Cocking their ears  
cautiously at the unusualness of the  
proceeding, the horses consented  
to be guided up a precipitous path  
along the edge of the declivity,  
Barclay conscious of a feeling of re-  
lief when his adventurous young  
comrade had finally attained her  
wish, and stood facing the moss  
grown portico.

"Nobody lives here, that's plain,"  
said willful Caroline. "Mr. Bar-  
clay, I am determined to explore."

So saying, she slipped lightly  
from the saddle, gathered up her  
jaunty habit, and ran around thro'  
the weedy garden at the side. Bar-  
clay, consigning his horse to a  
groom, followed in time to see her  
engaged in active conversation  
with a dead old dame who emerged  
from a woldy kitchen at the rear.

"She says we may have water  
from the well, and leave to look at  
this lovely river view," cried the ex-  
plorer. "It appears that the house  
is owned by one maiden lady, whose  
family has always lived here. If I  
may trust to my hitherto infallible  
powers of intuition, the mistress is  
a little out of repair in her upper  
story, and the maid is afraid of  
her. Come, Mr. Barclay, turn away  
at this handle. How long is it  
since I have had the satisfaction of  
drinking from the 'moss covered  
bucket that hangs in the well?'"

There, that's deliciously cold and  
pure. Do you see, this garden  
must have been a stately one in its  
prime. I wonder if the ancient  
dragon would be induced to let us  
have a glimpse of the interior of  
the house? I'm positively wild to  
try."

Nobody withstood Caroline, so  
Barclay was not particularly sur-  
prised to see her return from a sec-  
ond interview with the old woman,  
beckoning him with a mysterious  
forefinger.

"We're to see the ground floor.  
It is the hour for Miss Stillman's  
afternoon nap, when she never  
comes down stairs. Hush! tread  
like a burglar, and follow me."

In the wake of the ancient gen-  
dian our two young people went  
from one room to another, filled  
with handsome furniture of the pat-  
tern peculiar to a century ago. Old  
mahogany, fluted fireboards, stiff  
chairs, convex mirrors, black-framed  
mezzotints, knobs of brass or crys-  
tal, ruled supreme, their way  
indicated by the appendages of  
modern luxury as seen everywhere  
today. It was in the best parlor  
that their guide came to a halt,  
waving her withered hand with a  
faint show of pride in its faded  
splendor.

"That's all there is to it," she  
said, in a croaking voice. "I guess  
them things is solid."

"Either I am dreaming or that  
portrait of the lady in the red frock  
with balloon sleeves resembles you,"  
Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turn-  
ing upon Barclay an astonished  
gaze. "She is enough like you to  
be your—what?" She paused, puz-  
zled by the date.

"My great-grandmother, great-  
aunt—what you will," said Barclay,  
laughing. "I wish I were lucky  
enough to be able to lay claim to  
her, but unfortunately if we have  
any weird respectability of this  
kind in the east, I have yet to be  
informed of it. My mother, who  
died in my childhood, was born  
west, and my father is a westerner  
root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued  
Caroline, and even the purblind  
eyes of the old woman lighted  
with something like assent.

"She ain't no one belongin' to  
her I ever heered of," croaked the  
old creature, pointing upward with  
her thumb. "The last one 'em to  
die was Miss Tabitha, and she's  
Miss Louise. They were great folk  
once, I've heard tell, but that was  
before I came here. She was pinch-  
in' poor till the city tak the place  
to run a road through, an' now they  
say there's a fortin in the bank for  
her. She don't spend none of it,  
sartin sure. The two of us don't  
eat more'n'd keep a mouse from  
starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I jrea' he freer," Caroline said,  
when, after presenting a gratuity  
to their guide, the two mounted  
again and rode out of the enclos-  
ure. "After all, I like the sunshine  
best. But I wish I had seen the  
queer old lady; and that port-  
rait, it was simply your double, de-  
ny it as you may."